

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

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Editorial.

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES celebrated his 80th birthday, at Beverly Farms, Mass., the 29th of August.

GOVERNOR FIFER, discussing the Streator strike, is credited with saying that every able-bodied man should earn at least two dollars a day.

REV. T. LLOYD JONES, Unitarian minister of Liverpool, now on a visit to this country, is taking a horseback ride of two hundred miles through the country, this week, from Spring Green, Wisconsin, to Chicago. He is riding "Jess," the pride of the senior editor of this paper.

EDWIN ARNOLD, the poet, is said to be about to visit this country. A correspondent of one of the daily papers calls attention to the fact that it was through Mr. Arnold's influence that Mr. Stanley, the successor of the explorer Livingston, was enabled to make his second voyage to Africa.

PROF. GEORGE T. LADD, writing for the *Andover Review*, on "The Psychology of the modern Novel," says, wisely and discriminatingly: "It will always be remembered, also, by the most thoroughly chastened minds, that the mission of art is not to those already cultured alone; its mission is, as well, to the great multitude of men. In order to accomplish this universal mission, it must reach after men somewhere near the level upon which they are standing. A chromo is better than no picture at

all in the home of the poor. Nor am I at all sure that, as a rule, it is not better that the great majority of readers should read the novels they do rather than not read at all; for not to read at all would certainly signify, with many of them, a life of a lower intellectual, æsthetic and ethical character."

FAME does not always reach a man in the way he most desires it. It is said that Charles Dudley Warner is inclined to be more annoyed than pleased when introduced as the author of "My Summer in a Garden." He does not care to be known as a funny man, and would prefer his admirers should think of him in connection with his labors in behalf of Prison Reform.

THE World's Fair is to celebrate the discovery of more than land—it was the integration of the new—the Evolution of the Cosmopolitan Religion. The *London Standard* says: "Philosophers and men of science in Milan, Italy, are instituting a new religion, the Book of Nature, with the Eternal Truths taught therein." The cosmopolitan fair, if held in Chicago, ought to be the place, too, where the *idea* is discovered that is the organic law for the era.

THOSE writers who think genius should always be allowed to work according to its own sweet will, and that compulsion from the outside sources of publisher and editor, tends to destroy the literary quality of their work, should ponder this from Emile Zola:

"Style is born, like the color of the eyes, and newspaper work, rapid, fanciful, exacting, makes the mind supple and the pen ready. The habit of scratching off articles on the corner of the table in hot haste neither spoils the style nor perverts the idea."

It is a poor sort of genius that habits of order and industry can destroy.

RESPECT for the rights of the minority is the democrat's sacred duty. His more sacred duty, however, is to remember that the minority cannot have its way. It must help build the road, although it must not be compelled to march up and down it, if it prefers to tramp the fields, and, so doing, will not meddle with the turnips. It must help build the school, but every family in it must be allowed to teach its children in its own kitchen, if so teaching them it can only satisfy the State it has taught them well.—*Edwin D. Mead*, at Nashville.

REV. JEROME MATTHEWS, a priest of St. Mary's Bath, has seceded from the Church of Rome. His reasons for this action repeat the Elsmere story, but through a Catholic brain. "After long and anxious thought and study, I have arrived at the conviction that the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, though possessing many excellencies, are full of legendary and mythological statements, and that they possess no claim to, and manifest no evidence of, Divine inspiration; that the Roman Catholic Church has no claim to be regarded as a Divinely-constituted authority; that the Papacy is a human institution, gravely compromised to error and superstition, and therefore injurious to the spiritual and temporal welfare of mankind; that Jesus Christ, though a holy man and ardent reformer, was not the great God of the Universe, but the son of Joseph and Mary; that neither demoniacal spirits, nor a place or state of everlasting torment, have any existence in fact, but originate in ancient mythologies. With these convictions, which I have striven against for a long

time without success, it would be dishonest for me to continue as a priest, teaching only the pure theism of natural spiritual religion, which I profoundly believe and desire to promote."

OF Mrs. Celia P. Woolley's recent novel, "A Girl Graduate," the *Portland Transcript* says: "Mrs. Woolley's book is thoroughly excellent from beginning to end. With a simple plot, and the interest of the story depending on the development of her characters, she has succeeded in making a charming and satisfactory volume. Utterly free from sensationalism and false sentiment, light, wholesome and entertaining, one could not desire a better book for young people or for anybody with fresh and unvitiated tastes. The whole fabric is sound, sweet and helpful to the core, with plenty of humor and breeziness and a fine charm of its own."

SIGNORA ZAMPINI SILAZARO is an Italian woman of culture and advanced opinion who is interesting herself in the higher education of her country-women. In a recent lecture on this subject she called attention to the fact that, though large sums of money are expended by the government in the cause of education, few of the resulting benefits are received by women. Exceptional women, possessing unusual gifts and energy of character, have been able to overcome these disabilities, and make a name and place for themselves in the world of art or letters; but neither the State nor private enterprise is interested in improving the standards and opportunities of the average woman. The social position of the Italian woman is also most unenviable. She has little or no personal choice in marriage, and it is said her husband has power to deprive her of all civil rights on the least ground of suspicion. As may be supposed, the prejudice against women of Signora Silazaro's class, in a country governed by such laws and ideas, is very great.

ONE WAY OF TAKING A VACATION.

If your Unity Club puts a purse into your hand, with instructions to buy a horse with it, buy the horse yourself; the advice of certain cautious friends notwithstanding. Take plenty of time in buying it. If you don't know much about the horse, you will have a fine chance to study horsemen. By the time you have bought the horse, you are pretty well inured to the saddle. Then, ride away, leaving all cares and UNITY responsibilities behind you. Any road is a good one which leads to green fields and open sky. But if you start from Chicago, better take a road that leads to Wisconsin. Never mind the professional "Resorts;" it is good to find how much unadvertised beauty there is in the world, and how independent nature is of hotels and railroads. Ride away, up hill and down dale; make a companion of your horse; take long naps under the trees; test the hospitalities of the farmers; continue this until you have put behind you two hundred miles or more, and then stop, turn the horse into the clover field, and unreel your brain amid surroundings made familiar by annual visits and countless tramps. Here enter into the life of the community of which you become a part, help plan barns, bargain with carpenters, get the mail, and preach an old sermon every Sunday in the Chapel born out of your heart's best love.

After a while take another long ride and find fresh "Glory Roads," which will remain unnamed, so that others may know the delights of original discovery. Then come back, work up a Grove Meeting and see how this annual proclamation of the Gospel of Unity is gradually wearing away the prejudices of honest people, and is becoming an event that is slowly but surely moulding public sentiment within the borders of the three counties lying adjacent. Then, on your way back, stop to shake hands with the comrades who stood with you in the cruder strife of a quarter century ago; and march once more with the remnants of what was once a great army. After all this, return to the church whose doors have not been closed during your absence, and speak on the first Sunday from a pulpit kept warm for you by your parishioners; on that Sunday gather for your people some of the inspirations of your summer, and on the Monday following, you will greet the readers of UNITY with the assurance that you are on hand ready for work, determined to keep the flag a-flying, more than ever persuaded of the vitality of UNITY's gospel, having found on every hand the assurance that the hunger of the human heart to-day is for a religion founded in love and not in dogma; a church based on life and not on creed; a fellowship broader than set lines.

Feeling all this, you will also be assured that the work is hard, the strain is long; but with patience, love and an occasional vacation, such as described above, the cause of progress and the Religion of Love, which is surely winning its way, will find in you a helper. This cause needs every one, and yet is dependent on no one.

CONCERNING JUGS AND MUGS.

Cellar and walls and roof, chairs and tables and spoons: these are the mere shell of the home; but these the young couple talk much about when waiting for the wedding, and this is what the architects and carpenters and house-furnishing stores are for. And it almost seems as if for some men and women the hired carpenters and paid house-furnishers *did* build the "home." Under city slates and under country shingles alike, one finds unfortunates to whom this mere outside, and the solid things about the rooms, seem mainly what they think of when they think of the rooms; unfortunates with whom the show of the furniture is of more account than its use; men who seem more interested in the turkey on the table than in the people who sit around the turkey; women who think more of the new carpet than the old blessing of the sunshine; men and women, both, who testify that they love their neighbors better than themselves by keeping their best things for the neighbors' eyes and the worse things for their own, and who almost gauge their social standing by the good clothes they have for street or church, or by the "dead perfection" of their front parlor. Perhaps the good wife, looking around a slovenly, *unhome-like* living room, feels a flush of self-respect at the thought of that cold front parlor, where the chairs sit as straight as pictures ought to, and the tapestries and crockeries are each in their due place. When waiting for the lady in a rich man's mansion, not seldom the silent wonder rises: "Do the people correspond to all this gilt and varnish and upholstery?"

And when shown into one of those polar front parlors in a humbler house, a kind of homesickness comes over one for some *back* parlor, some kitchen, a bed-room, any place where the people sometimes live. The heart cries: "Take me where the people are; I didn't come to see their chairs." And a second thought is apt to follow—the thought, how much more pleasant, tasteful, home-like every other room in the house would probably become, if the expense hidden in this one room were added there in a prettier paper, there in a quieter carpet, there in a noble picture, and all about in a dozen little graces and conveniences, added *there* where all the time they would be enjoyed by the owners and the users. On the other hand, one is sometimes shown into a room, on entering which he feels like bowing to the emptiness in gratitude, because it offers, even bare of the people who evidently live there, a festival so cosy to the eyes. Everywhere uses in forms of beauty. Uses in forms of beauty,—that is the secret of a festival for eyes. In such cases it is quite in order to sing our little psalm, praising the good looks of the room and the things in it that make it pleasant; that's what they are for—to please, and in part, to please us, the chance comers; not us first and the home folks last, but the home folks first and us outsiders last. Petition to see a friend's own room before feeling that you really know the friend. It is a better test than a bureau drawer. Not the room after a quick run up stairs for two minutes first; but the room just as it is usually kept is index of one's taste and of a good deal of one's character. The shell tells the nature of the fish that lives in it.

I am not objecting one whit, you will understand, to grace and refinement in the household furnishings, nor to expense laid out to get the grace. On the contrary, there is nothing beyond bare necessities, on which expense may be so well laid out. As the elementary thing that shows one's house is not merely a hand-made house, I would name Taste; the taste that shows itself in pictures, in flowers, in music, in the choice of colors for the walls and the floors, in the amenities of the mantel-piece and table, in the grouping of the furniture, in the droop of the curtains at the windows, in the way in which the dishes glorify the table, in which the dresses set on the mother and girls. And it is the morning dress and Monday table that tells the story. Where can you buy good taste? That cannot be manufactured. Like Solomon's wisdom, it can not be gotten for gold, nor silver be paid for the price thereof, but in house-furnishing it is more precious than fine rubies. It is the one thing that no store in New York sells, nor can rich relatives leave you any of it in their wills. Nearly all one can tell about its origin is that it gathers slowly in the family blood, and refines month by month, as children watch their parents' ways and note the graces in the home.

But what a difference it makes to those children by and by! What a difference it makes in the feeling of the home if things graceful to the eye and ear are added to the things convenient for the flesh and bones. The eyes and ears are parts of us, not so important as the heart and mind, but still are parts of us, and a home should be home for all our parts. Eyes and ears are eager to be fed with harmonies and proportions in color and form and sound; these are their natural food as much as bread and meat are food for other parts. And as the eyes and ears are fed, we are not sure, but apt, to see a fineness spreading over life. Where eyes and ears are starved, we are not sure, but apt to find a roughness spreading. A song at even-time, before the little ones; say good night; the habit of together saying a good morning to God among the other good mornings of a happy breakfast table; a picture in that bare niche of the wall; a vase of flowers on the mantel-piece; well-matched colors under foot;

a nestling collar around the neck; brushed boots, if boots it must be, when the family are all together; the tea-table tastefully, however simply, set, instead of dishes in a huddle—these are very little things; you would hardly notice them as single things; you would not call them "religion," they are not "morals," they scarcely even class under the head of "manners." Men and women can be good parents, valuable citizens without them. And yet, and yet, one cannot forget that, as the years run on, these trifles of the home will make no little of the difference between coarse grain and fine grain in us, and in our three children when they grow up.

Besides, this taste for grace is nothing hard to gratify in these days. It is much harder to get the good taste itself than the means to gratify it, because not splendor, but harmony, is grace; not many things, but picturesque things. The ideals of beauty are found in simple, restful things far oftener than in ornate things. Of two given forms for the same article—a chair, a table, a dress—the form that is least ornate is commonly the more useful, and this more useful form will commonly be found the handsomer. "Avoid the superfluous," is a recipe that of itself would clear our rooms of much unhand-some handsomeness. Scratch out the *verys* from your talk and your house-furnishing. A certain sentence, only eight words long, did me great good as a young man—one I met in reading Grimm's Life of Michael Angelo. "*The ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose.*" The ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose. It applies to everything—to wall-papers and curtains and carpets and table-cloths, to dress, to manners, to talk, to sermons, to style in writing, to faces, to character. The ideal of beauty is simplicity and repose—not flash, not loudness, not show, not exaggeration, not bustle. And because simple, beautiful things are not necessarily costly, it needs no mint of money to have really choice pictures on one's wall now that photography has been invented, and the sun shines ready to copy Raphael's Madonna and William Hunt's boys and maidens for us, or the sculpture of an Alpine valley or a cathedral front. A very little outlay, the dinners cheapened for a fortnight or a month, will make the bare dining-room so beautiful that plain dinners ever afterwards taste better in it; it really is economy and saves a course. "Household art" is a catching hunger, spreading fast of late; and the more it catches the easier it will be to satisfy it. The very jugs and mugs of the old Greek peasant are copied to-day by artists as things of beauty; why not the mugs of young America? One day, in a Chicago shop window, I saw a Boston bean-pot that made me think Greek days again had come—it was so shapely in its earthen plainness.

Without any money at all, what grace the fields and gardens offer us for our homes, if we have eyes to see and hands to carry it home! To be a flower anywhere is to be beautiful, and the little exiles of the flower-pot will even brighten under human tenderness. I knew a woman than whom few here, perhaps, were poorer, whose room was a place to go round and praise and be thankful and delighted for, so much did she have of this faculty of transplanting nature to the inside of a home. Mosses and ferns and dried autumn leaves were her chief materials, but the eyes and the hands and the taste were added in, and rich men could not buy her result. Then there is such joy in making a home beautiful, in gradually touching it into grace here and grace there, as one finds time and the dollar to add the new pleasantness. To go into one's house and treat it like a little world, a creation corner, in which the two friends are to turn chaos slowly into cosmos, through a year, through ten years, through the children's childhood, until the beauty of the outside home passes inwards to the life and character, helping there to make chaos into cos-

mos,—that feeling about our home will make it a nobler place to live in than any house, however fine, that is simply "made with hands," and stocked with fashions, paid for with the pocket-book. W. C. G.

Contributed and Selected.

A SUNSHINE THOUGHT.

[The following little poem was recited at the Helena Valley meeting last week, and is printed at the request of some who heard it.]

Some of us think the sunshine
Works only while 'tis day,
Works only while we see it,
Then wholly goes away;
But when we stop and ponder,
We know this is not so,—
That sunshine is an impulse,
Far greater than we know;
And all it warms and quickens,
Holds it fast within its heart,
And does not stop its growing,
Though the shining rays depart.
The heart, too, has its sunshine,
And we know that it is ours,
When we feel the joy and gladness
That are life's sweet, blessed flowers;
And we think it wholly leaves us
When we cannot see it shine,—
Just because our eyes meet darkness,
We forget the work divine,
That must still go on within us,
Because, deep, warm, within our heart,
Lives the sunshine still, and always,
Of our lives a real, best part.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

THE PROPHET'S VISION AND OPPORTUNISM.

In UNITY of August 17th, W. G. Todd criticises very severely my article on "Opportunism" in a previous number. Though a weekly paper with such limited space as that of which UNITY disposes is hardly the place for prolonged discussion, I must be allowed a few words in reply.

Mr. Todd is, I think, quite needlessly severe on me, considering that there appear to be (from his article) no very great differences between us. This severity seems indeed directed rather against ideas and "states of mind," which he attributes to me, and of which I am not conscious, than against anything I said. He also loads upon me, quite unjustly I believe, the sins of certain "general criticisms," which he dislikes.

I did not intend any unfavorable criticism on Mr. Bellamy's book, which I consider one of the most useful pieces of work in the literature of the day. His "vision" does not "trouble me exceedingly;" I have thoroughly enjoyed it, and believe it to contain, seen "through a glass darkly," many a feature of the society of the future. I have so little objection to ideas and theories that I say: the more the better. I did say that Mr. Bellamy's book contains no new social theory. It only weaves into a fascinating parable, ideas which have for many years been current in Socialistic works and papers in this and all other civilized countries. This I said, not from any desire to detract from the glory of Mr. Bellamy, who in retaining his just due, retains more than enough of honor, but because I have hated to see forgotten the other workers, the men who *originated* the now popular ideas, and bravely and nobly fought and wrought for them, while abuse and persecution were their only rewards.

Our very different estimates of the life and work of Leon Gambetta, I should like to comment further upon; but the columns of UNITY seem hardly the place for such a discussion, which, of course, would have no bearing on the subject of *opportunism*, as the name of the great Frenchman was brought into my article wholly for the purpose of illustration.

By opportunism I never meant any *laissez-faire* policy, nor any indifference to ideas or foolish attempt to put into practice nothing,—as Mr. Todd seems to think; but simply *working from the near end in social reforms*.

Nationalism is organized around a certain complete theory of what a perfect society ought to be. Its understood

aim is the complete change of society to forms entirely new. It proposes a thorough-going reorganization of the State and of the human community. Its theory *may* be correct. Many of us, who are as eager to make the world better as any nationalist, do not believe that it is *quite* correct, do not regard it as possible for any prophet clearly and in detail to outline the future social order. Instead of uniting around any such theory, we would unite simply in the determination to do away with such plain wrongs and evils as we shall discover in our social organization, and to introduce one by one such good and right things as it shall be given us to see. We will not attempt to work without ideas; but we will work without a theory of what society finally is to look like,—or rather, we will let each man have his own theory or dream regarding that, and whether we agree or disagree concerning that far-away end of the problems, try to combine for work on the near end. While nationalism is a progressive movement, wherein a theory regarding the final outcome of social reforms constitutes the center of gravity, opportunism would be a progressive movement wherein the simple desire to establish truth and justice would form the cohesive force, and which instead of occupying itself with the popularization of any special theory of society, would spend all its energies on the smaller reforms, which cannot and need not wait for the adoption of any such theory.

This was what was meant by opportunism. And to show Mr. Todd that I by no means would advocate the confining of all social reforms to small, insignificant patchwork on the existing order, I wish to mention only one reform, which seems to me to lie within the scope of an opportunist movement—the *restoration of the sources of wealth to the nation*.

We have in our midst one plain wrong, working gross injustice to the many, heaping up wealth and privileges in a few hands; it is the monopolization of that nature in and from which we all must live, by comparatively few, the private ownership of the land, with all it contains and implies. There is but one side to the land-monopoly question—a wrong side. God did not create the earth to be the property of a few favored families. Coal was not stored away in the earth for the benefit of a few millionaires. Every man has a perfect right to all the fruits of his own labor, but to God's nature has no one any more right than another. Nature is like a richly-spread table—there is plenty for all and seats for all. But a few have been allowed to appropriate all the seats and the whole table and to charge the rest a price for the privilege of getting at the table; and that price being greater than many can pay, they have to starve within sight of plenty.

Let this be righted. Let there be no privileges. Let all have an equal chance. Let it be as easy for one as for another to get at the table; let, in other words, Nature and her wealth be the common property of all. Surely justice, equity and common-sense dictate that.

Henry George has shown us how this can be done without interfering in the slightest degree with present methods of labor or with the permanent occupancy of land. He has shown us a simple and easy way of giving to all what belongs to all, and to each one what belongs to him—of giving all men an equal share in the riches of Nature, without doing the shadow of injustice to any one. He has shown that his proposed reform is simple, economically sound, would give immediate relief to the disinherited, and would in many ways work powerfully to better the world and destroy undeserved poverty. This is not the place or time to attempt any explanation of the proposed reform. Surely, all who are anxious for the improvement of human society should acquaint themselves with it from the works of Henry George himself. He points out a plain wrong existing

among us. He traces a large amount of the poverty and misery that surround us to this wrong. He shows how it can, by the adoption of a certain law, or rather by the destruction of the laws that created and uphold it, be entirely removed.

To one, however little sanguine, who has carefully examined this reform and its immediate effects, it is evident that it will have far-reaching results; that it will so change the face of society (this one reform) that it would be useless at present to discuss what further steps justice will demand. Let us do this first, and we shall see far better what to do next; and even the strongest Nationalist may then change his theory of the proper social order considerably.

I have mentioned this one reform only to illustrate the meaning of the term "opportunism." It is only working forward from the near end, by righting plain wrongs, introducing clear truths, willing and eager to change one's theories as each forward step gives wider view and better ideas.

I have often found men, once liberal, radical and hopeful for their kind, grown conservative and reactionary because they have found errors and flaws in the liberal theories that inspired them. I should like to see men's liberalism independent of their theories (of final things), able to withstand disappointment regarding them, able to work patiently at whatever their hand may find to do; hopeful, even though they cannot paint and picture the contents of their hope. I should like to see men and women who can work enthusiastically for the coming of the kingdom of God, even though they by no means believe it to be "near at hand"; conscious that the work of uplifting the race means slow work, long work, and work on many different lines. It is this kind of liberalism (which seems to me greatly needed, spite of Mr. Todd's assertion that such ideas already are common, popular, and sure of applause—would it were so!)—that I ventured to name *opportunism*,—reading our duty in our opportunity.

H. TAMBS LYCHE.

Correspondence.

CRUMBS FROM A VALLEY FEAST.

Into this beautiful valley came the friends from several states, to join with the Jones family and the valley neighbors, in their annual meeting held in the pretty little chapel and in the temporary board pavillion outside. Perhaps it would be perfectly correct to call the long, delightful ride of the morning of Saturday, the first *service*; but, if not, the first service was held in the chapel at 2 o'clock, the larger part of the audience consisting of the brothers and sisters Jones and their families. Jenkin Lloyd Jones gave the welcoming word, and all felt that it was a welcome.

All were glad that Miss Mila Tupper had been chosen for the chief speaker of the afternoon, not only because of her ability, but because she was a woman.

She chose for her theme, *The Search for Religious Truth*, showing that it was quite as much, if not more, a matter of heart than of head; and that if we would know the doctrine, we must do the will; that obeying the best and highest impulses of the heart, answers and satisfies the questioning intellect. Mr. Jones spoke his appreciative and "clinging" word when she was through, and then invited to the platform Rev. Mr. Day, of Lone Rock, Wis., a Congregational minister who had come in a broad, kindly way, to hear what the holders of the liberal faith had to say; and whom Mr. Jones thought had come farther than any one else to this meeting, though there were friends from Dakota and Liverpool, England. Mr. Day's words were broad and manly, affirming that he was a seeker after Truth, wherever it might be found; that he was no coward; would always be ready to stand by growing convic-

tions, and that it was his purpose to emphasize the unity and not the diversity in the beliefs of the various sects with which he came in working contact. All felt the richer for this generous word of Mr. Day's, and will follow him with kindly hopes for his success.

Prof. Allen, of the Wisconsin State University, told us that he thought theological opinions were very near to life, and that it was hard to separate religious emotions from formulas of belief. Creed making was natural, but the trouble that came from it came because the believers felt bound to continue in its belief when once put forth; for, as some one has said, "A creed is a mark put in where people stop thinking." The practical question for us, what are we to do with religion from its intellectual side—the side on which we are bound to differ?

Rev. Thomas Lloyd Jones, formerly of Wales, and now of Liverpool, England, told how glad he was to be among his kindred of the valley, who were of his own faith and spoke his own tongue, giving us a Welsh proverb which means, "Hated be the man who loves not his own country and its language." He told us also that there was one little spot in Wales where pure Theism had been established for more than two hundred years, and that some of that seed had been planted and had grown in this Wisconsin valley. Mr. Loomis, a neighbor of broad and independent thought, said some strong words, closing with a memorial tribute to the good father and mother Jones, whose bodies slept where we could see through the open window. Mr. Effinger made the closing remarks, and then the people went home for supper.

Very briefly must I write upon the evening session, and only say that after the simple opening service, Mr. Jones, of Chicago, preached upon the lessons in *Robert Elsmere*; Miss Tupper spoke of the great responsibility of those born into the liberal faith, and who did not have to grow into it through much of effort and suffering; and T. Lloyd Jones spoke of his surprise at the sympathy of English Unitarians with the Broad Church men, with their adherence to a creed they knew they had outgrown, rather than with the High Church Ritualists who were fervent and consistent.

Sunday held the important sessions of the meeting, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, with two hours between for the generous dinner served in and outside the chapel, and the social intercourse so pleasant for all.

We "got in tune" by singing several hymns, heard Mr. Effinger read from the scripture, and Miss Tupper offer a prayer, and then were ready for the sermon by T. Lloyd Jones, from the text, Matthew xvi., 15-18 verses, in which he told us that the strength of the Christian church was not in its being an established organization, but because Christianity—the Christ spirit—was still dominant; and that the godly life is that which keeps alive our torch of faith.

Mr. Loomis spoke of the Sea of Division, and that somewhere it said, "There shall be no more sea," and somewhere else it spoke of the angel standing with one foot upon the sea and one upon the land and saying, "There shall be no more time." Mr. Loomis also thought that the emphasis in the text should be laid upon the word art—"Thou art, Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church," and that the great answering "I am," from the long line of humanity, made the great universal church.

Miss Tupper dwelt upon the Christ idea in the old faith and in the new; that man is saved through man, and thus we can all help, and then the morning session was over.

The afternoon opened with a tribute from Mr. Jones to "Grandpa King," an old gentleman whose funeral services had been held early in the morning. He was a Roman Catholic, but always gave Mr. Jones a warm welcome to the valley, and came to hear

him preach. All loved him and his genial ways. A fitting song was sung by Mrs. Evans, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and Miss Stafford repeated a little poem, "A Sunshine Thought," and then the quiet audience, were ready to listen to Mr. Effinger's sermon from the text, "What shall we do to be saved?" He spoke of the ever present need of salvation in the world, and how the new, broad faith made it a more difficult, complex matter than the old, because of all the complicated tendencies and influences of life. The hope of the new church depends upon two things—inspiration and education: the inspiration that comes from good men and women, and in that way the inspiration that comes from Jesus; and education which means training.

What Mr. Effinger said was not only valuable to his hearers of the liberal faith, but to the visitors who were of the older faith, and I am sure they felt it so.

Rev. Mr. Brainerd, of Kansas, a Methodist minister and former neighbor, spoke a few words to old friends. Mr. T. Lloyd Jones again made interesting remarks, from which I can call but two quaint thoughts. One is a Welsh Unitarian creed: "We believe in one God, no Devil, and twenty shillings to the pound." The other: "Education is like a razor, the keener you make the edge, the better you can shave yourself; but also the quicker you can cut your throat with it."

Miss Tupper spoke again, wisely and well, as seems her wont, and then Mr. Jones gave us ringing farewell words, fittingly supplemented by the singing of Mr. Gannett's beautiful hymn, "The Crowning Day is Coming Bye and Bye."

Slowly the people dispersed, after much social intermingling, and sunset found us all housed for the night, and gratified that representatives from twenty-one places, reaching from Wales to Minnesota, four hundred strong, brought by rail and some fifty teams to this little chapel, three miles from a railway station, had had two such full, rich days, good to remember through all the days to come. J. S.

HELENA VALLEY WIS., August 25, 1889.

PRIVATE PROPERTY IN LAND.

EDITOR OF UNITY: In your issue of August 24, in an article on "Georgism in a Nutshell," you quote a statement of Hugh Pentecost. "The end (to be sought) is the abolition of private property in land." Is there any middle ground, logically speaking, between Mr. Pentecost's position and Anarchy?

It is no part of my intention in this paper to either condemn or approve Anarchy. If it be wicked or wrong for the individual to own land, who has the right to own it? Shall the people of a township own all the land within its borders in common? Upon what principle can you defend the ownership of 20,000 acres of land by 50 people or 100,000 people, and condemn the ownership of a small fraction of it by an individual? One hundred thousand times *no right* is still *no right*. But if you say my community is too small, and make the community the county, or, larger still, the state, the nation, or even the whole population of this planet, your multiplicand is the same, and no matter how large the multiplier, your product is still *no right*.

The opponent of private ownership in land must, it seems to me, if he be not an impracticable visionary, take one of two positions, either that the State or nation is the owner of all the lands within its borders, with the right to allot the use of it to individuals, and regulate the use of it by all proper methods; or, that nobody owns the land, and that one person has just the same right to the use of it and of each and every square foot of it as any and every other person on the globe. This would be practical Anarchy. If, however, the opponent of private property in land once concedes that the State, nation or community owns the land

and has the right to allot and regulate the use of it, he is simply begging the question when he rests upon his bold assertion that there is anything wrong in the private ownership of land in this country.

The great bulk of the lands in the United States now held by private owners have been allotted to individuals by governments representing the aggregate population of the United States, upon such terms, conditions and restrictions as the government saw fit to make, and the individual to accept. It may be a question whether or not the government in parting with the tenure of its lands exercised the greatest wisdom in making its terms and conditions; but that it was bound to offer the land to its citizens upon some terms cannot be denied. Whether the tenure should have been upon a monthly, yearly, triennial, septennial, lease, or upon such tenure as has been granted, is a question for argument simply. If the government was forbidden to sell its lands because "it had no bill of sale from the Almighty," by what right could it lease lands to which it had no bill of sale from the Almighty?

A statement that the government has no right to sell its lands but has a right to lease them, is entitled to no more consideration as an argument than any other unsupported dictum. If the author of such a statement were to say that a monthly rental of lands by the government was the quintessence of righteousness and holiness, a yearly rental one-twelfth as holy as the monthly, a five year lease far less holy than the yearly, a twenty-year lease, especially with rent paid in advance, totally destitute of holiness and verging upon positive wickedness, while a perpetual lease with rent all paid in advance, was the concentrated essence of all villainy, his statement would be looked upon as the baldest absurdity—not worth a moment's consideration. And yet *a priori*, one statement would find about as much support in the nature of things as the other. If the authors of these statements believe in socialism and "that property is theft," why confine their attacks to individual property in land? E. L.

A QUESTION IN ESCHATOLOGY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Among the invincible objections I have to Hell, is this, which not having seen stated, I hope deserves currency. In all present experience, which used to be orthodoxly called probationary and unlike anything to come or permanent, we are assured that trial and adversity are the heritage of God's elect, because by their conquest the soul becomes more robust, grand and deep. Now as Heaven has no discomforts, and Hell has many, it must inevitably follow in the long eras of the duration that the silk stocking people on the upper floor will wax weaker, and those who strive for a *modus vivendi* below will grow stronger. There can be no virtue in a place where nothing happens to tax one's spiritual resources, and hence the only school for disembodied virtue must be where life is arduous. To me these considerations seem incontestable. If they are, the further inference is, that in due time the reprobates by virtue of their environment will become stalwart in the ghostly world, and the saints effeminate. Eventually, the kingdom must come to the damned, and the best prospect lies before the goats. If this is not a logical outcome of orthodoxy, I wish some one would set my bewildered soul right. Yours Truly,

D. O. KELLOGG.

VINELAND, N. J., Aug. 6.

WHAT the church ought to administer is not a dogma about Jesus, but the moral influence of Jesus.—*J. H. Crooker*.

UNITARIANS are bound together by agreement in principles more than in doctrines.—*William G. Eliot, D. D.*

THE reason we cannot describe God is his perfection.—*Bartol*.

Church-Door Pulpit.

Any church may secure the publication of any acceptable sermon in this department by the payment of \$5, which sum will entitle the church to one hundred copies of the issue in which the sermon is printed.

THE ATTITUDE AND THE FAITH OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

A SERMON DELIVERED BEFORE THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, BY N. A. HASKELL, MINISTER.

"We are not the children of the bond-woman, but of the free."—Gal. IV., 31.

The attitude of the Unitarian church is that of perfect cordiality toward other churches, and toward every organized or individual effort to establish the kingdom of truth and of love among men, whatever its name or its creed. We believe that unity is to be found in *spirit*, not in *belief*. The world can never be converted to one creed; every effort to accomplish this in the past has been an utter failure. Beliefs are peculiar to the individual. There is in them no saving power, except as they affect the life and character of the individual. No man, no body of men, has the right to question a man's private beliefs. Before his God he standeth or falleth. But though there is no hope of all men ever coming to accept one and the same belief, there is every reason to hope that we may all find fellowship in one and the same spirit, the spirit of truth and of love.

This Unitarian Church then, be it known, is not organized in a spirit unfriendly to the established churches of our city and the world at large. Our efforts are not prompted by a sectarian spirit. It is not our desire to exalt one church above all others. Our love of truth and of humanity is greater than our love of our church. Too much time and effort has been devoted by our Christian churches to teaching and enforcing theology. Theology is that antichrist that has led the hearts of men away from the truth. It was this antichrist that entered the Christian church, drove out the Christian spirit and let loose the demons of war and of hatred. The Christian world must needs come back from its distant wanderings to the beautiful simplicity of Jesus' life and teaching. He had no theology to impose upon the world. He did not teach that mortals could gain admittance into the kingdom of heaven by giving formal acceptance to certain theological tenets. "Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father." His teaching, from beginning to end, was that love is the fulfilling of every law; and he made his life a beautiful exposition of this truth. He taught his disciples to love their fellow-men; to deal gently with the erring; to help the unfortunate, and to leave all judgments to God who knoweth the weaknesses of the human heart.

Every church, in so far as it is true to the Christ-spirit, must look beyond its own petty theology, and make it the one object of all its efforts to convert the world, not to its creed, but to right dealing and right loving; and to bring into the hearts of men the spirit of love and of truth, of gentleness, of forgiveness, and of mutual helpfulness. And this, my friends, is what we strive to make the aim and constant work of this our church. We do not wish to take issue with other denominations; we do not care what their theology is; that is their concern, not ours. We would rather seek to know what we have in common; for we are all actuated by the same spirit, if we only knew it, and engaged in the same work—the bettering of our human life; each working in its own place, and in its own way, some more intelligently, more discreetly and faithfully than others, but each, I doubt not, to the best of its knowledge and ability. But though we are working for a much higher purpose than to increase the converts to our own faith and to upbuild our church, still we know that individuals in themselves

alone are weak; they must find their power in fellowship and co-operation with others. Where there is a great work to accomplish there must be centralization of forces, unity of effort. Such centers of power must be established and maintained. For this reason we organize as a church, and boldly give to the world our affirmations of truth and duty, and unitedly go forth to the upbuilding of the kingdom of truth and righteousness among men. If we are loyal men and women we shall seek to build up this church in *strength* and *numbers*, that it may be religiously and socially a center of influence and power. We shall do this in no narrow, exclusive spirit; but because we know that the only way by which God's work can be done by us on earth is by each man and each church maintaining its individuality, being true to its convictions of truth and duty and living to its full measure of power.

Though we are too busy in dealing with the practical questions and issues of life to spend much time in talking about our rational faith; though we regard matters of belief of secondary importance, still we have very positive convictions, and our faith is very precious to us. It is so precious and so comforting that we have no wish to thrust it upon those who do not see its preciousness. We rather wait till in some hour of need, when the old faith fails them, they, too, shall seek it, and find it, and be comforted by it; then, and not till then, will they know what it is to us. But others have a right to ask what this belief is, and to expect an answer.

What I have to say will be very simple, as is our faith, and given in very general terms, for the rational faith cannot be exactly defined, because it has no stereotyped form.

The Unitarian Church is composed of those who differ very widely in their ideas. They range from the most conservative to the most extreme. Its spirit is so liberal that all these, however wide their differences, can live and work together in harmony. You see, then, that two persons in the same church might give a very different statement of its faith. But though it includes such differences in thought and feeling, still there are broad general beliefs, which I think all hold in common. It is these alone I shall attempt to state.

We believe in the Eternal Being, the parental source of all Life, whose nature is goodness and love; that we are at all times and in all places in this Loving Presence, and that to love, obey and worship this Eternal Being is our duty and our highest joy.

Man has always felt the presence and the power of this Being. It is the same reality that other worshipers have sought after and worshiped, under different names, more or less intelligently. It is the same being that science recognizes as the "promise and potency" of all that exists, the Absolute Force. We do not claim, as some seem to have claimed, to know all about this Infinite Being, this absolute force we call God, his purposes from the beginning to the end of creation; what he intends to do with man both here and hereafter. Of all these things we are ignorant, but we think we can know enough for our present needs. It is easy, we think, to discern the tendency of all things. And this tendency in man and in external nature, is always toward something better. All life seeks and tends toward a fuller life. Our faith, then, is optimistic.

We believe in the unity of God, that there can be only *one being*; that from this which we call God is all life, that all things that exist are manifestations of this one Being, and that the Infinite includes all things in himself. The universe, as we see it, is the visible side of being. The real life, spirit, being, God is invisible.

The unity of God is a fact fundamental to science and to religion. We can know God only as he is revealed to us in the external world and in the

inner world which each man confronts in himself. We find since all life tends toward something better, life must be itself goodness. Love broods over all things and cherishes all life. So we believe that the essence of all life is truth, goodness and love; in other words that God is Truth, Love and Goodness. We believe that, however miserable the condition of man, the forces that made his lot what it is will in their own time make it better. Believing this, however mysterious the events of our human life, we try to be content, knowing that Goodness is the final outcome of it all. Now Science and Reason lay deep the foundations of such a faith in God, so we repose in it undisturbed. Furthermore, the oneness of God was emphatically taught by Jesus, as well as by the spiritual minds of all ages. This much we believe concerning God, and are content in not knowing more.

It may be well to state our belief concerning the Bible. It is to us a book of great value. It is a source of inspiration to the world. We believe it to be a revelation of God to man—an inspired book. But we further believe that revelation and inspiration do not belong to the past alone.

Recognizing, as we do, the perfect unity in which God, and man and nature are held, we believe in the closest affinity between the finite and the infinite, that from God, the centre, go forth those spiritual currents which pervade all finite existences, as the rising tide fills every bay, and inlet and creek. The perfect life is always revealing itself to the imperfect. Being flows through us. Our spirits are in constant interchange with the infinite spirit. If we are true men and women, every day's life is inspired. The heavens are always open above us, and the angels are constantly ascending and descending. We are not driven to the dead past to find a revelation of God. He lives here with us in the present. While we are puzzling over the obscurities of the literal scripture, he is waiting to speak to us face to face as veritably as he spoke to Moses on the mountain top, or to Jesus in the wilderness.

Oh! that we might learn our own spirituality, return from our groping amid the mingled good and evil of the past, and live in the light and in the glory of this present moment. The Bible contains the revelations of other ages and other peoples, and as such is of value to us. The Old Testament gives us some most interesting passages in the history of the early religious life of our race. The Jews surpassed all others of that age in their simple faith in the unity and goodness of God. They yearned for the better life which they instinctively believed it was possible to gain. To see how they struggled to reach this, after every fall rising again as confident as before, to renew the strife, is a great help to us a little farther on engaged in the same struggle to gain the possible but unrealized good. The Old Testament, if read in the right spirit, cannot fail to be a source of inspiration to every heart. The New Testament is the revelation of Jesus and of his apostles. We must bear in mind what few people seem to remember, that Jesus wrote nothing himself, that the Gospels contain what the disciples, years after his death, could remember of his teaching, and the impression it made upon their minds. We have not, then, the actual words of Jesus. The record is of necessity imperfect, and it gets much of its coloring in the minds of those disciples. We can rely upon its spirit, but not implicitly upon its letter.

I think it may justly be claimed, that the New Testament is one of the fullest revelations of God recorded for the inspiration and culture of man. But we believe that the revelation that God gives of himself directly to each individual should be sacredly held and followed by that individual; that in this way only can the world ever come to a knowledge of truth. We accept the

Bible as of untold value to us, not because it claims to be the revelation of God, not because we have been taught by the church to so regard it, but because the great sum of its teaching is in accord with what our own souls tell us is true. If it taught what was directly contrary to the sacred intuitions of our souls, we should reject it as promptly as we now accept it. That is, we believe *truth* is an authority, that we need no authority for truth.

It may then be said that we exalt *reason* above *revelation*. We do certainly regard *reason* as the judge of the truth in the Bible. We do utterly reject a *blind* faith. Our effort is to obtain a reasonable faith, a faith that though it takes hold of truths that transcend reason, is in harmony with it. The reason must tell us what in the Bible, or the teachings of the church, is true. If we do not listen to the voice of reason we are likely to accept the grossest errors, believing them to be God's eternal truths. In this our search after truth, we are not left to wander in darkness, for God, who inspired the hearts of Moses and the prophets, of the Christ and of his apostles, is ever present to inspire our hearts also, and to lead us into the knowledge of the truth.

I will now indicate what we believe concerning the character and mission of Jesus the Christ.

There is great diversity of opinion among Unitarians and other liberal Christians upon this matter. Some differ very little, except in name, from those who call themselves Trinitarians, while others are far toward the other extreme. But all Unitarians, whatever their individual estimates of the Christ, are united in the belief that he shared with humanity a common being. We believe that there is *divinity* in humanity. As Jesus tells us in the seventeenth chapter of the gospel according to John, God and Christ and man are one. It cannot in truth be said that we do not believe in the divinity of the Christ, but we believe in the divinity of man also. We do not believe in the deity of Jesus. What we claim for Jesus, above that which we claim for other men, is a fuller development in him of human possibilities. We grant that Jesus was was a saviour of the world; but his mission to save the world was not distinct from the mission of others, only he was true to it. To save the world from error and sin, is the mission of every true life. We do not believe that Jesus purchased for us future existence. The future condition of man must always have been what it was planned to be from the beginning. Existence is ours in the same right that it was Christ's. The mission of Jesus was not to change the order of things as preconceived in the divine mind: it was simply to help man up to the realization of his possibilities.

We do not believe in the blood atonement, do not believe that God required a sacrifice of blood which Jesus came to pay in order that the anger of God might be appeased. Such ideas are very crude. The office of Jesus was not to bring God down to man, but to lift man up to God. The atonement lay in the at-one-ment of *man* with God. The power of Jesus was not in his death as a sacrifice, but in his life, and in the truth he taught. His death was the grand consummation of his life. It was a sacrifice for man, but not in the brutal sense of the Hebrew sacrifice—the offering of blood to appease an angry deity. Man required it of him, not God.

I know many have worshiped Jesus, and gained from that worship comfort and peace. If such can reach nothing higher, let them enjoy this. But Jesus tried very hard to lead his disciples beyond himself, to the eternal one from whom he drew his life and strength. We of the Unitarian church would recognize and appreciate his life and teachings, so pure, so true and so simple, but, in our worship, would look beyond him, as he taught us, to the Father, and seek to worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Concerning man, I can, in this connection, indicate only the general outlines of our belief. We do not believe he is totally depraved. We do not believe that "In Adam's fall we sinned all." Never did man stand higher in spiritual culture than to-day. Each babe that comes into this life is pure as an angel, such as in truth it is. Inherent in the nature of each and all are the possibilities of future greatness. At heart, man disowns the evil, and claims affinity with the good and the true. These alone satisfy his nature. His condition is very imperfect, none can deny; but he is here to make it better, and able to do it.

"For sometimes gleams upon his sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right.
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man."

But there is a character who has held a very prominent place in the theology of the past, who ought not be passed by unnoticed. It is the devil. The fact of the case is we have not much faith in the devil. As I have already said, we have faith in the unity of God. We can not believe this world to be under the jurisdiction of a good god, and an evil god, each fighting for supremacy. The devil is purely the creation of the imagination. God never had a rival. One thought, one purpose, one life controls the world. The only devils man has to fight against are the unbridled passions and lower instincts of his nature, which are good and necessary to the perfect life when held in their place, but which become powers of evil, yes, the very demon of hell, when let loose.

We may speak of the devil as the personification of evil, but in this sense only. It is true that a fearful conflict is being waged between good and evil, in which we are all engaged; but it is equally true that there is no dualism in the material or in the spiritual world. Though we cannot see it, there is a higher unity, in which even good and evil, so opposed to each other in our human sight, are made consistent and subservient to the perfection of being. The problem of evil is one of the most difficult that perplexes the life of man. This much we know, that evil does exist as an essential part of a good world, which is gradually growing better. Inexplicable as it may seem to some, evil develops good, and, by an inherent fatality, dies by its own hand.

Viewing it philosophically, we see that evil is the negative side of good. It has no positive character. There is no evil principle in life. Evil is an abuse of what is good. Every faculty in human nature is good as long as it is kept in its place, and allowed only its rightful influence over the life. All, even the highest, become evil when allowed undue influence. The perfect character is one in which all its forces are in harmony. Evil is imperfection. There must be imperfection before there can be perfection, so evil precedes goodness, and is goodness in making. Since evil is negative, we have only to inculcate and practice the good, and evil will die of itself.

The law for man, then, is to know himself, and to be true to himself. And the virtuous life he will find as natural to him as is its beauty and fragrance to the rose. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, let truth be his motto, and the truth shall make him free.

There remains one other point to be noticed, what we believe concerning the future. Our ideas of the future differ widely; but for the most part we look upon it as a to-morrow, much the same as our earthly to-morrows, to be met as calmly and as trustingly. Death is no more than the night which is between us and to-morrow. When the sleep is over, we may wake into new surroundings, but it will be into the farther on of the same life. The same will be its yearnings, its hopings, its longings for good still beyond; the same its strugglings to realize this. There must ever be unfolding before us the same future in which to progress, the same Eternal Love encircling and

cherishing our hearts, comforting the sorrowing and repentant.

We believe in punishment (if you prefer this term), but in torment never. We believe in no punishment arbitrarily imposed by an offended God. We believe that law in the moral or natural world, when broken, must bring the penalty inherent in the law itself. This serves to make us aware of the presence of the law, and to keep us from breaking it again.

These violations of the laws of our being we call sin; and sin must always bring suffering. The soul must sometimes grow weary of sin and suffering, and turning from the evil cleave to the good. And this is about all we know of the future, but we find it all-sufficient for our hope and comfort.

"We know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured, alone that life and death
God's mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea
We wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to us
On ocean or on shore.

We know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
We only know we cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

I have now stated in a general way what we believe concerning God, the Bible, the Christ and man; what we think concerning the evil in life, and our hope for the future. Those who are able to appreciate it will understand why our belief is so comforting to us. Indeed one of the objections often urged against it is that it is too comforting. Some persons seem to think a man's religion should be kin-like of inquisition, with its iron frames, with knives and cords, with racks and stocks and screws, in which he is to be stretched, and beaten, and tortured till his human will is broken and he is ready to cry out—

"Oh! to be nothing, nothing,
Oh! to be nothing."

Religion should be life-giving. It should bring us so close to the great heart of Being that we catch the inspiration of the Infinite Spirit and cry out, Oh! to be something, something worthy the life within us; worthy the great work that lies before us.

I have heard it said that this our belief is too good to be true. But I do not believe anything in God's universe can be too good to be true.

I have outlined the principal beliefs which distinguish the Unitarian Church. But we do not require those who unite with us to accept even them. We accord perfect freedom to all. We have no creed. We require only a belief that our human life can be made better, and a willingness to try to do it. It is not our object to convert this community to our belief, good as it seems to us. We do not care for sectarian names and distinctions. If our church represents the cause of humanity, it will stand; if it does not, it ought to die. Let truth prevail, and man be blessed, whatever becomes of us, of our churches and our creeds. We join together that we may enjoy the many advantages that come from public worship and social communion; that we may help each other, and work unitedly for the common good of the community in which we live, and of the world at large; that we may relieve those who suffer, comfort the sorrowing, encourage the despondent, counsel the erring and if possible, incite men to higher planes of thought and life. Our object is not to convert the world to certain beliefs and creeds, but to truth, to virtue, and to right living. Though we may fall far short of this, yet this is our purpose, and we try to live up to it.

Whether you, my friends, are Unitarians or Trinitarians; yes, even Christians, or Buddhists, or pagans, is of the least concern to us, provided you are true to your deepest convictions.

Though to build ourselves up as a denomination is not the one object of our care, still we gladly welcome all such as can find help or comfort in meeting with us, or can thereby be

better able to help others, whatever their name or faith. Be they Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians or Catholics, they may come in with us, and, if they wish, they can bring their theology with them. They will not be catechised by us.

Fellowship in the Unitarian Church is not based upon unity of belief, but upon unity of spirit. We ought not to consider joining a church a profession of religion. The obligation to live a virtuous, truthful life rests upon every man and every woman, whether in the church or outside of it. A wrong act is just as wrong when done by one who is not a member of the church as when done by one who is a member. The standard of life is the same for each and for all. If we join the church, it is that we may avail ourselves of the religious, social and educational advantages it offers. Each individual should join that church that can help him the most.

It is unaccountable, that in a world where there are so many who need our help and who can be helped by us, we should turn away from the nobler aims of life, and narrow our thought down to the little church to which we may chance to belong, shutting the toiling, struggling world away from our love and sympathy, caring more for names and forms than for realities and truths. The church should be made a center from which to reach the world. The church is not an end in itself; it is a means to an end. We ought to be engaged in a better work than simply increasing the membership of our churches. It is well to build up a strong church, if it is made strong for a large, grand work.

Do you not all say with me, Let the names of our individual churches, with all their confessions of faith, be swept from the world's memory, if only truth and virtue can be brought into the hearts of men, to sweeten, to beautify, and to ennoble their lives. That truth we welcome gladly, whether it come through your church or through mine. But it will come, if at all, through neither yours nor mine alone, but through the unity of the efforts of all who are working for the upbuilding of truth and righteousness on earth. May the day soon come when we can all, whatsoever our individual beliefs, meet upon a broad plane, where, respecting the individual rights of one another, leaving each free to be true to his own convictions, we can unite hand to hand, and heart to heart, in the ministry of love among men, in the effort to develop the germs of goodness lying deep in the hearts of all God's children, to build up the kingdom of heaven on earth, which is the kingdom of love and truth.

Now, my friends, that we may help to prepare the world for the dawn of this day of freedom in thought, freedom in worship, freedom in fellowship, we have organized in this city a church, that, casting aside all creeds, commits itself to this simple faith in God and man, in Eternal Goodness and human possibility. Thus far our efforts have been directed to the organizing of this church, and preparing ourselves for the work that lies before it. The time has now come for us to make it one of the permanent institutions of this city, that shall stand here after you and I, our children and grand-children, have closed our labors and passed on into the eternal rest; growing stronger from generation to generation, so widening in its influence that it will give character to this city and county, directing its energies, and shaping irrevocably its destiny for good. But this cannot be done until this church is founded upon the solid earth of this city and sheltered within the substantial walls of its own home. To secure the accomplishment of this undertaking is the work for us to do here and now. If, indeed, our religion is a religion of humanity, if we are anxious to do something to better the conditions of life in the present and in the future, to what better purpose can we devote our energies and our money, than to establishing a church

that stands for this rational faith, and is committed unreservedly to human service, a church that will be a source of strength and comfort to you personally, a protection and an inspiration for good to your children, and to the homeless children of this city. We are living and working, not for the present alone, but for future generations. Many hearts in this city have in the past eagerly wished for the day that has now opened to us. The dream of a church home, where we of the rational faith can meet with our children to commune, to worship and to labor, may now, if we will, cease to be a dream.

We stand just at the opening of a new existence. Turning from the past with its narrow faith, its old doubts and fears, we greet this new year of our life hopefully, courageously. We catch the clear tones of the bells sounding through the world of to-day, ringing forever out of man's life the old, the effete things of the past; ringing in the new, the faith and the triumph yet to be. Our hearts catch their meaning and joyfully respond.

"Ring out! wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The old is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let it die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true,
* * * * *

Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The Study Table.

How They Kept the Faith. By Grace Raymond. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

This is to us a new name among writers, but if the above is the author's first work, it has much to commend it. It is a story of the hardships and sufferings of the Huguenots of Languedoc, told with intelligence, sympathy and good power of characterization and description. The book is, however, plainly written from the point of view of a rather prejudiced, if zealous, Protestantism. The Catholic characters in the story are almost without exception bad; either weak or intriguing, bigoted and cruel as the severest traditions have preserved them. Most of the Protestants are of an exactly opposite character. The religion of the church in the age of Louis XIV doubtless had little to recommend it to honest and thoughtful minds, but it should be the province of the historian, whether laboring in the field of fiction or any other, to speak for every form of faith as far as possible from the standard set forth in its best teachings, and the purest lives made better by its means. The author of "How They Kept the Faith" has hardly done this, but she has written a touching and instructive story.

C. P. W.

Tales by Heinrich Zschokke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The prettily bound volume containing these tales, four in number, selected from an entire series of fifty, is of a list of publications called "Knickerbocker Nuggets." The translation is Parke Godwin's, accompanied by the biographical preface written in 1845, three years before the author's death.

C. P. W.

OUR faith is not the highest truth that we perceive, but the highest that we have been able to assimilate into the very texture and method of our thinking.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Notes from the Field.

Boston—Renewed efforts are making to induce Rev. M. J. Savage to go to Japan.

—From all parts of New England the delegations to the coming Philadelphia conference will be unusually large.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes has just passed his eightieth birthday. The daily papers report that he was "smothered with flowers."

—In Brockton, near Boston, Rev. Warren Goddard, of the New Jerusalem church, will, on September 19, celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate.

—One of our Universalist ministers announces as his questions in the first three sermons after opening his church in September, What? Why? How?

—A normal Sunday-school for teachers and adults will open in Channing Hall early the coming fall, in place of the usual essays and lectures held there on Saturday afternoons.

—Visitors to our city are surprised at the changes which come to us, seemingly from the recent extension of horse-car routes and the conveniences cheerfully accorded the public by their managers. Not only are the suburban wards covering with neat homesteads, and not only are morning and evening cars thronged by city mechanics, and the course of our retail trade usurping the places of old-time residences, but the whole plan of usual stores and of family buying is changed. The business hours and store vacations, the shop resting conveniences and parcel deliveries to customers, the mail samples and mail deliveries—these new methods are in fact the accommodating old "country store" magnified into grand bazaars. Dry goods and other family supplies are made up in changed form. Some goods are sold by weight, formerly by measure. Wood is bought by nice families in the bundle instead of the cord; butter by the pound instead of the firkin. Amusements are changed from the old ways—as the hours, afternoon instead of evening, in frequent cases; small theatres, well ventilated, in lieu of large and close halls; sometimes continuous performances; children expecting regular weekly attendance at theatres; multiplied, richly furnished eating-saloons for ladies dot our main streets. It is not all original here—perhaps mostly it is adopted from larger cities—only all seems changed to an old resident Boston was once homogeneous—earlier it was primitive—now it is cosmopolitan. The prim sidewalk and front yard, and neatly railed door-way have gone. All are wider now. Even tenement buildings are in decorated architecture. The young Bostonian says, "Never before so good;" the old resident replies, "Some things can not be more changed for the worse." No doubt the verdict of the visitor would be, "Always progressing."

Crystal, Dak.—A Dakota Post-Office Mission worker sends to the Secretary of the Woman's Conference, letters from some of her correspondents which show the results of the distribution of liberal literature in a Western town. The following extracts tell their own story: "I feel very grateful for the literature you introduced to us. I believe it has done both myself and family more good than all the orthodox preaching in twenty years. Our Union Sunday-school is divided after working harmoniously for nearly four years; and the trouble came by orthodox ministers, strange and unchristian as it seems. . . . We wish you to send us some Unitarian lesson helps for our Sunday school, which we have organized on a Liberal basis. . . . I wish to thank you heartily not only on my own account, but on behalf of the many who have been benefited and made strong in the liberal faith in this locality. The result is indeed gratifying. The community is largely orthodox. The liberals aided them personally and financially to sustain preaching and Sunday-school, using whatever helps were chosen by the majority for the sake of harmony. But when liberal sentiments began to spread from tract reading, and later, an Universalist minister preached a few sermons and organized a society, a change came over our orthodox neighbors, and they withdrew, declaring such doctrine of the devil to lure souls to perdition. We have reorganized on a broad platform, with Reason and Conscience as the final authority in religious belief. In the absence of a minister, some member of our society reads a Liberal sermon. The Sunday-school voted to use Unitarian helps or lesson papers. We have the Christian Register, which is liked by all. Thanks are due C. E. Sprague, of the First Unitarian Church, Minneapolis, for his able assistance in good reading matter. We are few, but we realize that strength does not consist in numbers. We are not disheartened, although without a pastor, and in a new country with drawbacks on every hand. But truth is mighty and must prevail."

Princeton, Ill.—Tuesday, August 27, was the fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. V. H. Brown and wife. Having taken note of the fact, their friends of the People's Association in Ohio, Buda and Princeton decided to have a picnic in honor of their pastor and the event. It was also decided to hold the picnic in Bryant's woods, near Mr. Brown's residence, and preparations were made accordingly. It was a beautiful day; about 200, all told, were present; a grand dinner was served, after which Uncle John Bryant read a poem, and speeches were made by Elder Covell, of Buda, Leander Pomeroy and Dr. Richardson, of Ohio, "Deacon" Bates and

"Deacon" Richardson, and Mrs. C. J. Richardson, of Princeton. When the eloquence had effervesced, F. W. Waller presented Mr. Brown a purse, which had been contributed. The occasion was made additionally pleasant by Mr. Brown's reply and by choice vocal music rendered by Mrs. Moses, Mrs. C. P. Snow and Bert Colberg.

Chicago.—The Board of Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference met at the headquarters August 29. Present—James Van Inwagen, J. L. Jones, Arthur M. Judy, John R. Effinger, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, Myron Leonard. On motion, Mr. James Van Inwagen took the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The secretary reported unusual activity in the field for the summer months, and the settlement of three ministers: N. M. Mann at Omaha, Neb., H. T. Root at Hinsdale, Ill., and J. E. Bagley at Sioux Falls, Dak. There was an informal talk on the proposed Unitarian Convention called by David Utter to meet in Chicago in the month of October. The Treasurer's report was read and ordered placed on file. On motion the meeting adjourned.

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—The Unitarian Church of Sioux Falls has just extended a call to Rev. Mr. Bagley, of New Hampshire, who is a recent graduate of Meadville. He will enter upon the work in September.

—A letter from Sioux Falls, Aug. 27, says: Mr. Root preached on last Sunday evening in the Unitarian Church. A fine, strong sermon, which was listened to with much interest by his townsmen here. The Argus-Leader says: "Mr. Root shows great promise of success in his chosen field."

Toledo, Ohio.—Rev. A. G. Jennings announces the following subjects for morning sermons at the Church of Our Father: Sept. 1st. The Prosperity of Evil. Sept. 8th. Heredity. Sept. 15th. A Standard of Morals. Sept. 22nd. Evolution of Morals. Sept. 29th. Rights and Duties. Oct. 6th. Ethics and Religion.

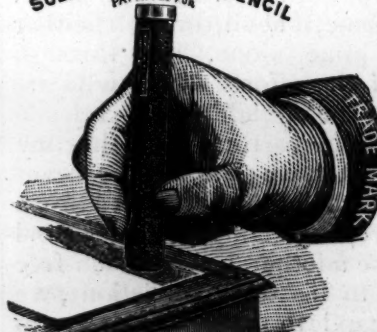
Omaha, Neb.—Rev. N. M. Mann has entered upon his new field of work. Rev. J. R. Effinger, Western Secretary, went, by request of the Omaha church, to aid in the installation services on Sunday, September 1.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Rev. C. J. Bartlett began her work as pastor of the Unitarian Church on Sunday, the 1st inst. The people there have high hopes of her ministry.

Madison, Wis.—Rev. Mila F. Tupper preached on Sunday, Sept. 1st, at the Unitarian Church.

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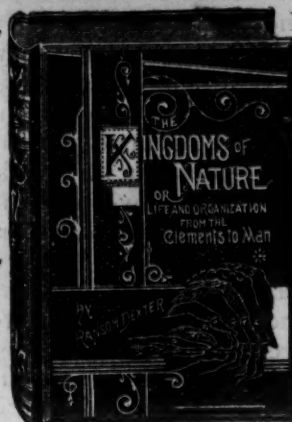
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The price referred to, in the Professor's letter just quoted, is \$3.50 for the cloth edition, \$4.50 for the sheep, \$6.00 for the half morocco. These prices still apply to all copies sold through the trade, or agents, or on direct orders to any but *Unity* subscribers. To all subscribers to *Unity*, however, the prices will be permanently as follows for the several editions:

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The Home.

THE SIGHT THAT WE SAW.

(Concluded.)

The three children with their mother had just got their luncheon spread out on a large flat rock, when Willie exclaimed:

"We forgot to bring anything to drink."

"Thousands of gallons in that stand-pipe, and not a drop for us," laughed Flora.

Just then a succession of loud "Hullo's" was heard, followed by a trampling over loose gravel and underbrush.

"Some people are coming up the ravin (ravine) road," said Shirley.

"Rather noisy people, but I think I recognize their voices," said the mother.

"Why, it's Harris, and Ted and Arthur," said Flora.

A waving of hands, shouts of "Come on!" and "We're coming!" took place.

"We thought Momsie," began Harris, the oldest of the three neighbor children who felt like her children, too, "we thought you'd be willing to have us come."

"Of course; but how did you find where we were?" promptly responded Willie.

"Perhaps Tom Brown mewed it to me on the back steps," replied Harris, with a twinkle of fun.

"Tom Brown? 'Twas your papa, Willie," said literal Arthur.

"First time I ever knew my papa to meow," said Flora.

"He said he got home early; had read Momsie's note on the table. We knew Mr. Bickford was coming by the Mount, and would let us ride. I tell you we filled our basket in a hurry; and here we are."

"Sit right down. Let's have everything together," said Willie.

"First, here's bread and cheese, next, cake, and third—well, guess," said Harris.

"Berries?"

"Gingerbread?"

"Ice-cream?"

"No, a whole pie," and Harris placed it ceremoniously in the centre of the repast.

"And fourth," said Arthur, opening his parcel, "a big bottle of lemonade."

"Now, we shall not thirst on our incursion," observed Shirley.

When the pleasant meal was finished, the children climbed the long flight of steps by the stand-pipe again, and staid there until a soft twilight haze began to creep over the landscape, and the electric lights at Point of Pines looked like a long chain of brilliants twinkling and dancing. The lights on Cambridge bridge seemed a lesser chain.

"And Momsie, the moon!" they shouted.

Yes, there she was, majestically sailing up from the ocean.

"Can you take us to any other sight as fine as this, little guide?" asked the mother.

"No, ma'am, it's the most beautiful I've seen," said awe-struck Flora.

"I shall be in Newport a week from now, with grandfather," said Ted, "but I think these hills and woods in the moonlight are nicer."

"Momsie did not look at her book, and now it's too late to read," said Willie.

"I know a little already of what is in it. Half an hour from now, when you are all tired of running about, if you will sit down on the rock with me, I'll tell you."

"Oh!"

Half an hour passed quickly. What a change the little space of time brought. Hills and woods, and the distant cities and the sea, were all wrapped in their soft and solemn night shades. The moon cast over them only a delicate radiance.

"The story, now," the children said, making a nestling group about the mother.

"It is above you. I'm going to let our little 'incursion' extend into the

heavens. You know already two pathways there, that of the Great Bear, Ursa Major, and the Seated Lady, Cassiopeia."

"I always remember Cassiopeia, because it's my letter, W," said Willie.

"Then it's mine, too, because my real name is Walter," said Ted. "It's rather nice to have your letter flaming up there in the northeast."

"Wish mine was," said Arthur.

"Call Aquila yours, it begins with A, and will do just as well. Aquila, the eagle. Look in the southeast, you will see a very bright star, rather high up, with a fainter one not far away above it, and another not far away below it."

"I see them."

"They are a part of the Eagle. Enough for you to know it."

"That shall be my star-path," said Arthur. "I like the eagle, he goes up high."

"Yes, it is well to have for a sign something that soars."

"What star-path can I have?" asked Harris.

"Hercules?"

"Oh, yes. He did great things. I would like to do something great."

"And very useful for others?"

"Do you remember Shirley's definition, Momsie," asked Flora. "You spoke of one of the neighbors as a very smart woman; See, you said, there's her washing on the line, and it's only eight o'clock. He was only a little mite, and he cried out, *That aint being smart: smart's when you do something that can't be done!*"

"That is what you expect this Hercules to do, is it, Miss Flora? Is that the hint intended by your anecdote?" demanded Harris.

"Now for the Hercules of the sky," said the mother. "Almost overhead it is, at this time, in this month of August. Shaped somewhat as a small child would make his letter H for the first time. The two stars of the middle part are rather close together, while the stars that make the two long lines, open widely. Rather a large H, lying in a northerly and southerly direction."

"I see it."

"I wish my W stood for something as nice," said Ted.

"Get R. A. Proctor's book from the library, The Myths and Marvels of Astronomy, and read the story of your Seated Lady."

"Now for my star-path," said Flora.

"If you do not mind about a letter, you can take the group Lyra, the Lyre, right overhead. Its principal star is Vega, with light very lovely and pure. Now you see it, you will never forget it."

"I'll take the Lyre. It means making music for people, doesn't it? I like that."

"Flora deserves that," said the courteous boys.

"Now, Momsie, yours."

"Oh, mine," said she, laughing, "is the little Sea Goat, because I don't know what a Sea Goat can be. All you can see of it to-night, on account of the bright moonlight, are the two stars, which must be its horns, just a little southeast of Ted's Eagle."

"Now can you remember one group more? The Swan. It is high up in the east, approaching the Lyre, and is shaped like an uneven cross."

Bright eyes searched, and presently Willie cried,

"I see it."

"Now we must go."

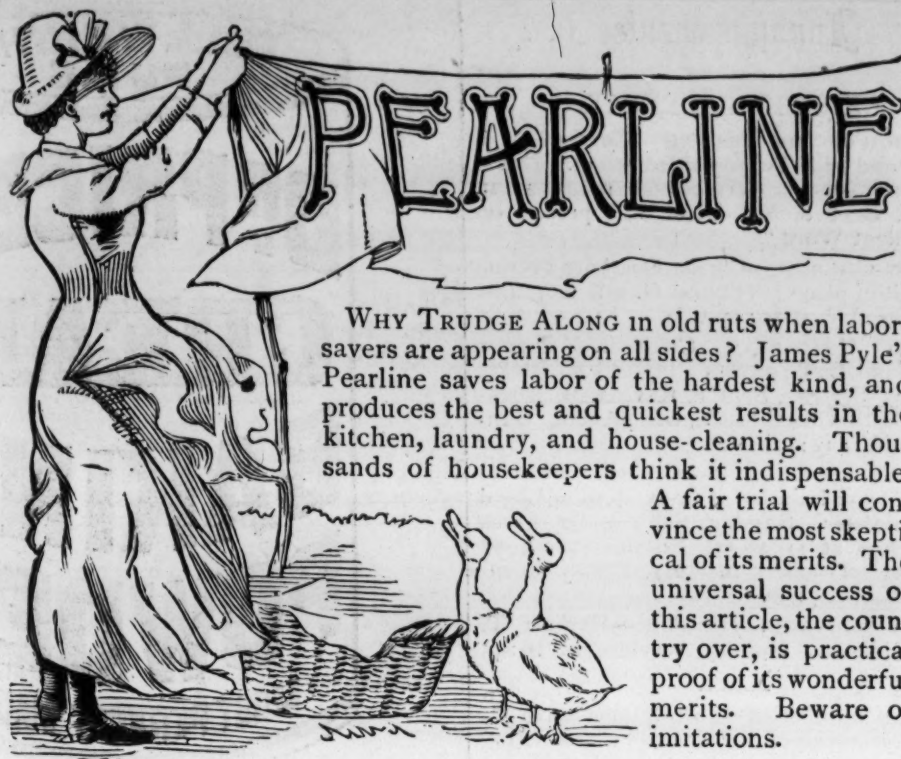
"Oh, must we?"

Down the steep, pine-darkened road they came, tired, but happy. Horse cars made the rest of the way easy.

The children have not forgotten the sight they saw. Astronomies are now plentiful in both houses, and the keen memories of the children are storing up much more knowledge of the star-paths. Every fine evening sees them out for a half hour, eager to prove their knowledge. They are all longing for the time when again the words shall be spoken:

"Come up to Malden Mount."

A. M. G.



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UNITY CHURCH.—Corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas S. Milsted, minister. Sunday, at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH.—Corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Sept. 8, Rev. G. W. Buckley, of Battle Creek, Mich., will preach. Sunday-school at 12:30 P. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH.—Corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Sept. 8, Mr. Jones will preach at 11 A. M. Sunday-school at 9:30 A. M. Teachers' meeting, Friday evening, Sept. 6, at 7:30.

UNITY CHURCH, Hinsdale.—Herbert T. Root, minister. Sunday services at 10:45 A. M.

A good number of subscriptions have already been received for **LIBERTY AND LIFE**, the volume of sermons by E. P. Powell, announced in last week's **UNITY**, but more are necessary before the date of publication can be fixed. Those who subscribe for copies in advance of publication will receive them at the price of 75 cents a copy. Address Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

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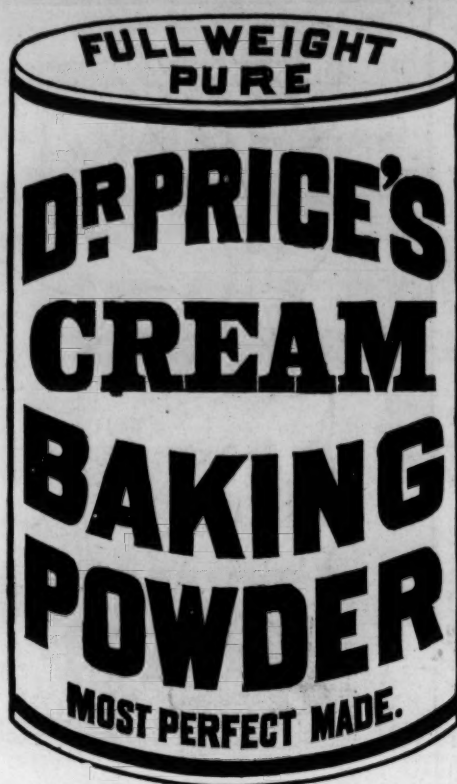
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